

Indecent Intentions by Luddleston

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Summary:

The expression is 'bull in a china shop,' but Dorian is certain that 'Bull in a library' is just as bad, if not worse.

“You clearly don’t want to be here,” Dorian pointed out, “so just leave.”

“Nah,” Bull said, “I want to spend time with you.”

He's never going to finish his quiet night of reading, but being kissed into a stupor in the middle of the library isn't entirely unpleasant.

Indecent Intentions

Author's Note:

I got a Tumblr prompt requesting Dorian and Bull spending time together even though they're not into the same kinds of activities, and the image of Bull trying to sit still and be quiet in the library was priceless. This is my first fic for the fandom, and hopefully not the last! ...this ships has kind of gotten me.

Also, credit to my dear Murph, to whom this is gifted, for Bull's line about clever boys and the sassiness surrounding it.

“So this is what you do for... entertainment?”

“I don’t know that ‘entertainment’ is the right word,” Dorian said, not bothering to glance up from his book. The Iron Bull was doing exactly what he had been for the past half an hour: squirming around in one of the library chairs and squinting at book titles. He hadn’t bothered to open one of them, and Dorian was starting to wonder if the Bull was farsighted.

He couldn’t imagine a better reason for someone to ignore the library for so long.

“But you read for fun,” Bull said.

“Yes.” Dorian turned a page. He was used to being here, curled up in this chair with a book on one arm and his hand cupping his face. Sometimes he looked up so infrequently that he didn’t notice night falling outside. This was one of those evenings.

Bull tried once again to slouch down in the chair like he did in the tavern, with his legs kicked out in front of him and his arms thrown wide. Dorian wasn’t sure if he did that to look more casual, or so that his height would be less intimidating. Either way, in the high-backed library chairs, that pose was nigh impossible.

“You clearly don’t want to be here,” Dorian pointed out, “so just leave.”

“Nah,” Bull said, finally grabbing one of the books and opening it, not to the front, but to somewhere in the middle. Dorian knew he was smart enough to start at the beginning, and was certain Bull was just trying to appear like he was actually doing something. “I want to spend time with you, even if it’s up here listening to the crows all the time. How do you stand that?”

Dorian was used to the crows, but not to Bull’s blunt honesty. He lost his place in the text he’d been engrossed in. “Suit yourself,” he said, after recovering, but he was certain Bull saw him blushing. If he looked up, he’d be faced with that self-satisfied smirk he knew too well. “And don’t expect me to come down to the training fields to do whatever you... do.”

“You don’t even know, do you?”

“I imagine it involves a lot of hitting things,” Dorian said, turning another page and still refusing to look up.

Bull laughed. “You’re not wrong.” Dorian couldn’t help but smile whenever Bull laughed (provided it wasn’t at him), and he was growing to detest that weakness less as time went on.

There was a moment of silence before the echoing scrape of Bull moving his chair closer to Dorian’s. “Would you kindly *stop*,” Dorian requested. “This is a *library*, you know, where it’s supposed to be *quiet*?”

“Yeah, yeah, sorry.”

Bull was right next to him now, looking over his shoulder. “What are you reading?”

“Not reading, really. Trying to muddle through this...catastrophe of a volume,” Dorian sighed. Bull was doing that thing where he ignored personal space again, nearly leaning his head on Dorian’s shoulder. If Dorian leaned back, he’d bump into Bull’s right horn.

“I didn’t know you were such a critic,” Bull said. He spoke more quietly, and Dorian couldn’t tell whether he was attempting to obey the rules of the library or whisper seductively.

“Clearly, I am,” Dorian said. “Now either sit still and read or go back down to the tavern. I know you want to.”

“Only if you’re coming with me.”

Dorian rolled his eyes, but appreciated Bull’s silence. It lasted only a moment, a long sigh ruffling Dorian’s hair. Dorian ignored him for a while, hoping that if he didn’t respond, Bull would settle down and be content with his unresponsiveness. His hopes were dashed when Bull sighed again, leaning down and cocking his head to press his face into the crook of Dorian’s neck.

“Do you want something?”

He could feel Bull shrug behind him, but he got no reply. Bull didn’t make another move like Dorian assumed he would, just pressed his face there, his eyes watching the page Dorian was looking at, neither of them reading the words on it. Dorian shook his head. “Ridiculous. You’re like an enormous puppy who’s been told he can’t go out to play, moping around like that.”

“I’m not *moping*,” Bull protested, lifting his head a bit so his chin was just resting on Dorian’s shoulder.

“Then whatever are you doing?”

“Dunno.” Bull turned to mouth at Dorian’s jawline. Dorian sighed and rolled his eyes, even though Bull couldn’t see them.

“And here I thought you actually came here with decent intentions,” he chided, but it didn’t stop him from tilting his head to give Bull more room. His hand tightened around the book cover and his head filled with the sound of Bull’s stubble scraping against his neck.

“I did,” Bull said, sounding casual even though he’d just been kissing Dorian in the middle of the library. Thankfully it was late enough at night that no one else was around. “But then they became indecent.”

“I can see *that*,” Dorian said, retaining his sarcasm despite the Bull’s attention.

“You weren’t enjoying what you were doing anyway,” Bull said, “so I decided to make it more enjoyable for you.”

“Just for me?” Dorian asked.

“Well, no. It’s more enjoyable for me, too.”

“That’s what I thought.”

Bull wasn’t stopped by Dorian’s reprimand, rather, he moved closer, as close as their separate chairs would allow, and kissed him once, firmly, on the cheek, pulling away with a disgustingly loud, wet smack. Dorian’s nose wrinkled. “You’re cute,” Bull sighed into his ear, and Dorian couldn’t help but think how absurd this was, to be sitting in the library in the middle of Skyhold, where anyone could see, while this great beast of a man was cuddling him and whispering sweet things. He might have been less embarrassed if Bull was proposing sex rather than pressing childish exaggerated kisses to his cheek.

“Would you stop? We’re still in the library, had you not noticed,” Dorian reminded him.

Bull nosed at his chin, peppering his jawline with kisses that were basically smirks pressed against his skin. He slung one arm around Dorian’s waist, his broad hand covering nearly the entirety of Dorian’s hip. “Hmm, the only thing I’m really concerned about is all the fire.”

Dorian groaned. “You’re not going to let that curtains thing go, are you.”

“Nope.” Bull was sucking hard enough on his neck that he was going to leave marks now. Dorian didn’t mind them, after all, he wore high enough

collars and they disappeared into his dark skin quickly enough. Besides, it was pretty much impossible to fool around with the Iron Bull and not get a few battle scars.

“They’re just candles,” Dorian said. “And I’m not about to go loosing a fire spell in the library, no matter how much you divert my attentions.” He made a feeble attempt to go back to his book, but caught himself reading the same sentence three times when Bull’s hand slid from his hip down his thigh. People assumed that since he was so big, Bull was basically an enormous heater, but his circulation was terrible and his hands were always a little chilly.

“Oh? Is that a challenge?”

“It very well is not,” Dorian said, but he couldn’t disguise the quickness of his breathing. “If you want to do something that’s going to make me set something on fire again, you had better not do it in the library.”

“I won’t. Books are important, I know,” Bull said. Dorian could hear his horn scraping against the back of the chair as he turned his head, pulling himself away for a moment. “Do you want me to leave?”

Bull was like this, always asking permission, always making sure Dorian was comfortable. It was foreign to him, as foreign as everything about Qunari. He supposed this was less a Qunari thing, and more Bull’s thing. Dorian snapped the book shut and dropped it atop a growing stack of volumes. “Well, I don’t want you to leave now,” he said, sliding as gracefully as he could into the Bull’s lap. Heavy arms encircled his body as soon as he did, and before he could get his arms out of Bull’s grasp, he was swept into a kiss that was just as sloppy as the previous ones, but certainly more intimate. The bookshelves stopped Bull’s moans from echoing the way they did in stone halls, and Dorian shifted in his lap enough to make Bull start pulling his shirt open.

“Shit,” Dorian swore, leaning back and finally extracting his hands from the Bull’s embrace to put his arms around Bull’s shoulders. One of his hands moved around to the back of Dorian’s knee and then up his thigh to squeeze his ass. Dorian felt oddly safe with one of Bull’s arm around his back and

his head against a solid chest. Bull had left the harness off tonight, so Dorian was laying against an expanse of bare, scarred skin.

Bull returned to his neck, sucking on the other side now. He was fiddling with some of the buckles on Dorian's elaborate outfit, but he didn't undo them. Dorian wasn't sure if it was because his fingers were too blunt or if he was simply being a tease. Either way, Dorian hissed out a breath between his teeth and tugged on Bull's right wrist, pulling his hand further up so that his palm was on Dorian's ass. Bull's resulting moan reverberated through the library and Dorian was certain the entire Inquisition had heard him.

"Be quiet, we're not in your bedroom."

"This is as quiet as I get, Dorian." Bull was back into whispering in his ear.

"It's not quiet enough—WOULD YOU STOP THAT," he nearly shrieked as Bull moaned again, this time purposefully exaggerated.

As soon as Dorian started yelling, Bull pulled away, looking appalled. Dorian knew him well enough to tell he was faking his shock when he gasped, "Dorian! We are in a *library*, would you stop yelling?"

"Hypocrite," Dorian muttered with a frown. What a picture he must have made, pouting and flushed, his hair askew and his mustache ruffled.

"Sodomite," Bull replied, looking even more self-satisfied to see Dorian so flustered.

The crease between Dorian's eyebrows smoothed and he let out a long, flat laugh. "Ha. Takes one to know one."

Bull's grin widened and he leaned down so close that his wide lips brushed Dorian's with every word. "You are so *clever*, Dorian. Do you know what the Iron Bull does with clever boys?"

Dorian knew Bull felt him shiver; it ran through his bodies all the way to his toes, and his fingers tightened on Bull's shoulder. He tried to brush off the wave of heat that overcame him, smirking and replying with,

“obviously, he annoys them while they’re trying to read and starts undressing them in libraries.”

“...Yes.”

Dorian heaved himself upward, straddling Bull’s lap, and yanked on his horns to pull his head up and kiss him roughly, Bull’s hands reaching to tug Dorian’s body closer to him. This was reckless; someone was bound to walk through the hall and see them in the open alcove, and for some reason, that didn’t stop him from doing it. His tongue pressed firmly against the jagged seam of Bull’s lips, and Bull’s jaw immediately slid open, turning the kiss from solid and warm to wet and hot.

“I could have you right here,” Bull said. “I could lay you out on the floor and take you while you stare up at those bookshelves you’re always searching through.”

For a wild second, that sounded like a brilliant idea, but Dorian soon came to reason and sat back, standing and vacating Bull’s lap. Bull didn’t try to keep him there (apparently they weren’t at that point in this encounter yet), but watched him with a confused expression as he sat back in his own chair, wiping his hair out of his face and trying desperately to quell his shaky breathing.

“Too much dirty talk for you, hm?” Bull asked, not sounding upset with Dorian detaching himself so suddenly.

“No, no, not that,” Dorian said breathlessly, tugging his shirt collar so it was no longer splayed open and bringing up his thumb and first finger to smooth out his mustache. “I just... not in the library. I swear, someone’s going to walk up these stairs any minute now and if I’m naked on the floor, there will be some... uncomfortable explaining.”

Bull propped up his cheek with a fist, leaning in toward Dorian but not close enough to touch him. “Wouldn’t be the first time I’ve been caught with my pants down,” he said.

“I just really don’t want to talk my way out of this one today.”

“There’s not much talking to *do*,” Bull pointed out, “Hell, the whole Inquisition knows we’re doing it.”

“And whose fault is that!?” Dorian snapped, before sinking back into his chair and rubbing his temples. “Sorry,” he immediately apologized. It was barely a mumble, but Bull was close enough to hear.

“S not a problem,” Bull said. “I came here to spend time with you; doesn’t matter if we’re reading or fucking.”

Dorian’s eyes darted away and he went red. “Well. Uh. After that, I don’t think I’ll be able to concentrate on reading. Especially not *this*.” He gestured vaguely at the book he’d been perusing.

“Oh?” One of Bull’s fingers trailed down Dorian’s cheek, over his jaw, and along his neck, right across the fresh mark he’d left there.

“Yes, ‘oh’.” Dorian’s breathing returned to normal and he smirked at the Bull.

Bull rolled his shoulders and shifted forward in his seat, like he was going to stand. “Want to take things to my room?”

Dorian laughed indignantly. “As if,” he said, “I doubt you’ve cleaned it from the last time we were in there. No, we’re going to mine.”

“Nice,” Bull said, and closed his eye, tilting his head toward Dorian.

“Bull, stop trying to wink, you know it doesn’t work,” Dorian said, but there was a tease in his voice that made Bull rush forward and sweep Dorian into his arms, all in one motion. He started heading out of the library with a frozen Dorian sitting in his hands, but by the time they passed the last shelf in the alcove, Dorian started squirming. “Excuse me? Put me down!”

“Nah. No one’s around this late,” Bull said, lumbering onward toward Dorian’s room. “Besides. It’s more fun this way.”

Dorian couldn't admit to disliking the way Bull lifted him without any difficulty, carrying him with his hands looped underneath Dorian's ass and the mage's legs around Bull's waist. Dorian gripped both his arms at first, but eventually settle into Bull's hold, wrapping his arms around sturdy shoulders. "I wish you hadn't discovered my fondness for being carried," he muttered.

"You act like I just figured it out now."

Bull rubbed Dorian's back as he walked down the hall, and pressed him up against his own door for a few long moments to kiss his temples, down his cheek, and the corner of his mouth. It was so stupid sweet, and Dorian was too flustered, too transparent, and he reached down to open the door while Bull pressed his scarred face into Dorian's neck and let out a slow, even breath.

As Bull nudged the door open, Dorian saw someone walking the halls in the tiny corner of his vision that wasn't blocked by Bull. He didn't know who it was or whether they'd been seen, but he found he no longer cared. He could deal with onlookers in the morning, when Bull wasn't making promises in his ear.